THE French Kings SPEECH

Louis XIV, king of France

TO THE

Queen of England,

At her Arrival in *Paris*: And the *Queens* Anſwer.

Faithfully Tranſlated out of French *by a Perſon of Quality.*

MADAM,

THe Honour that Our Self, and Our Kingdom receives from the preſence of ſo Illuſtrious a Perſonage within the Court of *France*, would raiſe in Us the moſt Extraordinary Tranſports, were not the Bleſſing in a great Meaſure leſſened by Our afflicting ſenſe of the unhappy Providence that gives it Us. However, though thoſe peculiar Smiles of Heaven that are not alwaies pleaſed to ſhine Brighteſt and kindlyeſt on the moſt exalted Merit, are in ſo high a degree with-drawn at preſent from the more ſtrenuous Protection, and nearer Care of thoſe Soveraign Graces and Heavenly Perfections, that ſo ſignally adorne Your Majeſty; and the popular Reflections on Your Majeſties Misfortune, may with the prejudiced and unthinking (who only weigh Vertue by its Felicity, and Deſert by its Succeſs) poſſibly encourage ſome poor and ignoble Suggeſtions, and thereby leſſen their juſt and due Veneration and Adoration of ſuch tranſcendent Qualifications. Let it ſuffice, Illuſtrious *Madam*, That the Deity ſhines through the Cloud, and in the Eyes of the Good and Great, Your Majeſty rather borrows Luſter from that Foyle Your unjuſt Fortune has lent You. However, Our Reflections on the Barbarous, Rebellious,

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ous, and Infidel *England* cannot terminate in any leſs Sentiments than thoſe of *Aſtoniſhment* and *Horrour*. We look upon Your Divine Self, and that Young Prince, like a ſecond *Creuſa*, and her Young Darling *Julus*, eſcaped from the Conflagration of *Troy*; and from flaming Rebellion, Hereſie, Treaſon, Ingratitude, that native *Engliſh* neſt of *Scorpions*, I dare boldly give Your Majeſty Well-come, into a Hoſpitable Coaſt of Safety and Honour; whilſt Our Glory of ſerving You with all the higheſt Zeal and Fidelity, ſhall be ever recorded the Nobleſt and moſt Indefatigable Ambition of our Life.

His Sacred Majeſty of great *Britain*, whoſe intereſt has ever been Inſeperable with Our Own, could not repoſe all that is deareſt and neareſt to Him under a more Tutelary Roof then Our Own. The Hands, Hearts, and Lives of all *France* are your Wall of Braſs; and We only pride Our Self in avowing our Sword and all the Arms of *France* the ſelect Inſtruments of God to ſcourge the Infidelity and Arrogance of that Audatious Heretick Nation. It is enough, that their too Bold and Impudent Inquiries into the Actions, Policies, and Conduct of Crown'd Heads; and their more Impudent Sawcy prying into the Veins of this *Royal Infant*, Speculations ſo far elevated above the inſolent Scrutiny of Homagers, Subjects, and Vaſſals, call down all that juſt Vengeance that the moſt dreadful Vials of the Almighty Wrath, either by the more immediate Bolts of Heaven, or the Arm of Man can pour upon them.

As theſe Conſiderations were of themſelves alone ſufficient to awaken all the Imperial Swords, Axes, and Faſces of Chriſtendom; nay, even Poyſons and Poynjards too to Your Revenge. Beſides, the Duty of a true Son of the Church, that common and more Univerſal Tye, Our Self lye under a more particular Obligation; the uninfringible Bonds of that moſt Holy League ſolemnly Signed, Sealed, and mutually Sworn to, between Our Brother of Great *Britain*, and our Royal Self. I can only add, *Dear Siſter*, That your Self, and equally dear Cauſe are lodged in the hand of your Avenger, and that *Royal Infant* is our Adoption: And as the Extirpation of the *Northern* Hereſie has been Our Own, and Our Royal Brothers moſt ſacred Engagement, and his preſent Wrongs and Indignities have opened a fairer Gate for the bleſſed Work, under the Covert and Umbrage of righting his Injuries. Doubt, *Royal Madam*, neither the Alacrity nor Swiftneſs of our Revenge; to the Execution of which we ſhall fly ſo winged and ſo pleaſed, as if Commiſſion'd by the peculiar Mandate of a God, and with the Arm of a deſtroying Angel. The

The QUEENS Anſwer.

SIR,

THe Sanctuary that Your Majeſties inviolable Friendſhip (I was ſo well aſſured) had ſet open to the Protection and ſhelter of Greatneſs in Diſtreſs, was enough to invite the ſtragling Shipwracks of a *Royal Family*, to put in to this Favourable Harbour with that abſolute Reſignation and Truſt, that all Your Majeſties too generous Expreſſions of Succour and Defence, are meerly a work of Supererrogation. Our Confidence in Your unparallel'd Goodneſs, eſpecially, to any thing tho meanlier related to the Crown'd Head of *England*, was both Paſport and Hoſtage ſufficient for our Security under the protection of the Great *Lewis* of *France*; and ſince this fatal Storm has ſo cruelly and deplorably ſhaken the Throne of three Kingdoms, with the ſame Aſſurance is my unhappy *Lord* and *King* following for a ſhelter under the ſame Guardian Goodneſs. Wonder not, *Great Sir*, that He Dares ſo intirely confide not only Ours, but his own more ſacred Royal Perſon in thoſe Hands where before He had long ſo abſolutely reſolved and engaged to truſt his CROWN. But, Oh! What a ſullen and dark Miſt is now ariſing to ſully the brightneſs of the once ſhineing Diadem of *England*? My *Deareſt Lord*, a Prince ſo Excellent, ſo God-like good, that I may truly ſay, his greateſt, if not only Sin, was his keeping a little too much *Faith* with *Hereticks*; forgetting, alas, *His Apoſtolical Duty*, *His Sacramental Bonds*, and more particularly, *His Vows* and *Oaths* to Your moſt Chriſtian Majeſty. However, to what Reſolves, to what ſublime Atcheivements did Your Majeſties Pious Councils, his Holy Confeſſors Tears, and my own endearing Prayers and Careſſes at laſt tranſport Him. But whether, Oh! whether, are we faln; what Blocks, what Bars, what Ruins, and what Precipices have ſtopt our Heavenly Progreſs?

But tho the prevailing evil *Genius* of *England*, has at leaſt at preſent, broken and deſeated thoſe Divine Meaſures and ſacred Deſigns, ſo glorioufly formed by my Dear *James*, and your truly moſt Chriſtian Maeſty, for the Reduction of the long revolted Heretical *Britain*, to her primitive Chriſtianity and true Apoſtolical Obedience; nevertheleſs whatever ill ſucceſs our failing endeavours may have hitherto met in that pious Enterprize. We ſhall however carry this comfort through

Exile,

Exile, nay, to Death it ſelf, that our Conduct like true Defenders of the Faith, in but poor 4 years Reign has retrived the loſt *Ireland*, and of 3 Apoſtate Kingdoms, once ſo near their Converſion, reſtored *one* at leaſt to Holy Mother Church, by wreſting the Soveraign Adminiſtration, Dominion, and all the *Regalia* of that Kingdom from the hands of Thieves and Robbers; and re-inveſting our Truſty and well beloved *Tyrconnel*, and the reſt of thoſe true Sons of the Church once more in their old Hereditary *Naboth* Vinyard; thoſe dutiful and unſhaken Champions of Truth, whoſe ever faithful Swords under the Bannors of the moſt Bleſſed Queen of *Heavn* and her Son *Jeſus*, and in due Allegeance to our Holy Lord God the Pope, ſhall repair thoſe yawning and gaping Breaches, Waſtes and Ruins made by that Uſurper and Tyrant *Beſs*, 8*th*. *Harrys* accurſed Heretical Baſtard of ever infamous Memory. What iſt they ſhall not dare or act, 'tis their hands that ſhall replant the long faded Flowers of the Church; and in perſuance of our Soveraign Commiſſion, water them once more with the flowing Blood of all our Anti-chriſtian Heretick Enemies; that ſecond *Iriſh* Glory, an Action that ſhall ſo ſignally eternize the Renoune of the great *James* the *JUST*, that his Memory ſhall ſmell fragant to lateſt Poſterity and bloſſom even on his Tomb.

And now, *Great Sir*, in tenderneſs for this *Royal Infant*, a Bleſſing which the United Prayers of the Church and our Offerings to our heavenly Lady have ſo long wreſtled for, as a ſanctified Veſſel for the finiſhing that work the great *James* ſhould want Years to compleat, The imploreing Injuries of this little Suppliant, beg Your Majeſties moſt tender and indeed immediate Patronage, as being like Your ſelf a peculiar Deodate of *Heavn*; the true and Legitimate Birth of this ſweet *Prince*, whatever black Falſe-hood and Impoſtures the ever lying Scandals and Calumnies of the harden'd *Lutheran* Infidelity and Heretick *Engliſh* Villany may raiſe to eclipſe him (I aſſure Your Majeſty, and the all-knowing Providence can witneſs for me) is as unqueſtionable, and the *ſweet Infant*, as aſſuredly the true begotten Son of my Dear Lord King *James* the Second; As Your Majeſty is of the Great *Lewis* the 13*th*. of *France*. Take then this *Babe* as an Alliance to Your Great Self, and expreſs to the World the nearneſs of Your *Affinity* to him, by Your Induſtry and Zeal in righting and preſerving Him.

FINIS.